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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

"The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth."

Volume Two | Richmond, California, Friday, March, 2 1934 | Number Three

When Can The City Ever Re-pay Mr. Parr?

If A Cat Climbs Two Feet A Day And Then Falls Back Three, How Long Will It Take For Him To Climb Out Of The Well?

It is reliably reported to the Progress that immediately following the reading of Parr's annual report, our city council resolved itself into a prayer meeting. Led by Deacon Tom Carlson, Billy Scott and Mother Chandler knelt at the mourner's bench. They undoubtedly felt like the revivalist who, after a very ardent sermon, passed his hat among the congregation for a contribution, and finding his hat was returned empty, he raised his eyes to the Lord in the skies and said: "Oh, Lord, I thank Thee! I got my hat back!" Judging by the report of our meagre receipts and heavy harbor disbursements, it is quite likely that if Fred Parr had been in the audience last Monday night, the Reverend Tom would have been out a hat!

The editorial staff of the Progress does not feel capable of reporting on this astounding document so we will rely on the dispatch from Parr's house organ, the Richmond Daily Independent, as follows:

Parr Reports on Earnings for Year

The annual report of the Parr Richmond Terminal corporation, covering operation of the local docks during 1933 was on file with the city council today.

The report shows gross income of $144,132.42 last year, and operating expenses amounting to $48,435.58, leaving a gross profit of $95,696.74. From this is deducted $31,969. 79 as terminal overhead, leaving the net profit of $63,726.95. The city's account is credited with $21,299.84, and Parr with $42,427.11.

The report also shows that the city owed the Parr corporation $229,087.09 for the improvements to harbar property at the begining of the year, and to this was added $1,287.86 unpaid interest for 1932, and $7,464.42 for the wharf extension on the inner harbor during the year, bringing the total to $237,839.37.

The city is credited with $9,560.73 payment on the principal, and $11,739.11 interest payment for 1933, leaving the balance due Parr at the end of 1933, at $228,278.64.

After we had read the above report showing that the city owed Parr about $229,000 last year and we had "made" $21,000 or more this year and that we now owe him $228,000 it reminded us of the shell game at the old time circus. Here was the Great Parr, the Magician Extraordinary, operating the old game of "now-you-see-it,

(Continued on Editorial Page)

OBSERVATIONS

By Lee D. Windrem

Well! Well! What do you think has happened now? No, I won't let you guess—it would take too long—but will satisfy your curiosity at once.

* * *

Another die-hard Republican has broken out, scattering fire and brimstone and lava and poison gas all over the horizon. I refer to Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, that same bosom comrade in days past of X-Senator Moses who labeled himself when he called Senators Hiram Johnson and George Norris and Nye and Frazier all "sons of wild jackasses." Yes, comes it now that violent erupter, Senator Reed, known far and wide as Andy Mellon's Man Friday—a holdover senator because the voters could not get "at" him last time; and it is estimated that it will take a half million dollars worth of Mellon manufactured formaldehyde to fumigate the Senate when Reed leaves after first election the voters have a chance to put the skids under him. Pennsylvania voters have their tomahawks and bowie knives whetted up for him and besides carving the down-and-out sign on his carcass they will sculpt some hieroglyphics and Indian signs for god measure, and thus put an end to a Misspent life as far as any good he ever did for the People.

* * *

After attacking the President for spending so much money on the poor people of our land, and because President Roosevelt has not made him a Dictator, Reed extolled the four years when Mr. Hoover kept the money in the treasury—that is, all but the deficit of three and a half billion dollars he spent for God-knows-what! Reed said all other countries had recovered from the depression, and if Hoover had stayed in he would also have sat by the patient and watched him recover, without any help on his part or expenditure of money for relief.

* * *

Well, most of us are of the opinion that if Dr. Hoover had stayed on the job when he awakened he would have found himself sitting up with a corpse!

* * *

After pinning the angel's wings on Hoover, Reed continued, in a voice broken with emotion, in a plea for the poor farmer—(get THAT!!! Reed of Pennsy speaking for the poor farmer!!!!!)—who could not pay the increased taxes on his property to put over the Recovery Program. At this I shed a few tears. Then he spoke of the fix our unhappy sons would be in when their time came to assume the duty of paying taxes.. At this I wept aloud like Rachael weeping for the children of Israel.

* * *

After the storm was over and I could again think clearly I was comforted by the thought that if we were still under the rule of

(Continued on Editorial Page.)

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(Vox Populi)

Under this heading the Progress will publish any communication submitted as of interest to our readers. We assume no responsibility for the writing, and every communication must be signed with name and address to us, though a "Nom de plume" may be used for publication if desired.

JOHNSONITIS

Editor Progress:

I am enclosing herewith a clipping from the "Safety Valve" of Feb. 24th as follows:

"Editor Chronicle:

Have the members of the Democratic Party lost all sense of honor and gratitude as attested by the fact the Chas. J. Brennan, Republican, promoting a Republican candidate, is permitted to address a meeting of the Phelan Democratic Club? What an affront to the late Senator Phelan and the departed spirit of Gavin McNab!

E. C. Williams, San Francisco."

Shades of Senator Phelan, Indeed! What would that good and great man have remarked to know that a Democratic Postmaster and the President of the Phelan Club under the lash and spur of their godfather lent themselves in an attempt to sell the traducer of

(Continued on Editorial Page.)

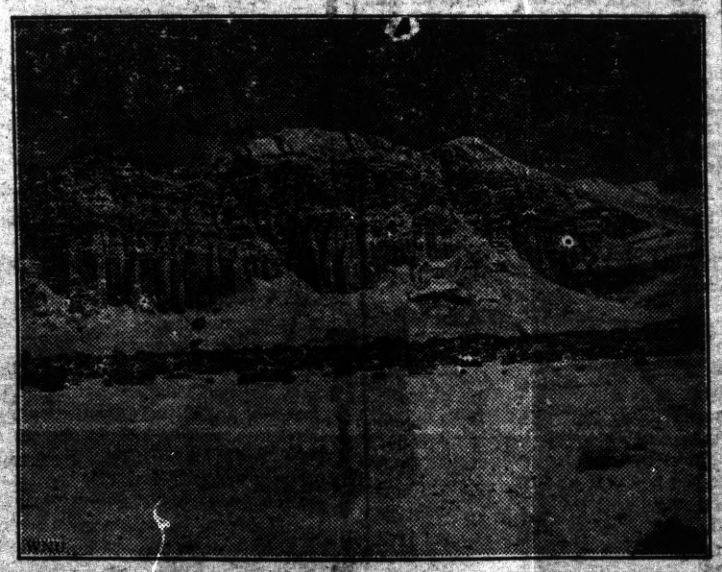
HOT NEWS ABOUT KISSING SCANDAL

Our good friend and subscriber and reporter, Charlie Hess, 323 Washington Avenue, has returned from a visit to Sacramento. Charlie has first hand information on the kissing scandal in the state printing office and he came down here to give the Progress the proper instructions. Charlie reports that Mr. Lyon is a real artist; and now we are scared about how the kissing bug may effect our printing plant. A special guard has been thrown around Tom and Clarence, our mechanical staff, though of course the editor is safe against kissing bugs. Even a bug knows it would die in great agony a couple of hours later if it tackled either the editor or the renowned political columnist, Mr. Windrem.

Trinity Guild to Hold Fashion Show

The Annual Fashion Show which Trinity Guild Ladies sponsor is planned this year for Wednesday, March 7th. Mrs. T. T. Cramer is chairman of the committee for the occasion and this year will doubtless witness the most successful show ever presented by the club.

HISTORICAL CALIFORNIA



RED ROCK CANYON

Red Rock Canyon, near Mojave, California, is not only one of the most colorful spots in the United States, but is rich in gold and other minerals, oil and silicate, and has great historical significance to the State.

It was Red Rock that gave the few surviving members of the Jayhawker party shelter in its cool caves after their ill-fated trek across Death Valley during another century. And it is either Cinco or Renaldo, small canyon camps, that now means home to many of the prospectors of the great American desert.

A petrified forest lies deep in its recesses and the formation of the canyon walls has given rise to many a legend. The particular part of the canyon shown in the picture is known as the Pillars of Hercules, shown here in full moonlight.

Most of the oil and silicate rights are owned by private companies, but the gold in the hills still belongs to the man who can find it.

INSURANCE AGENTS MEET

The New Roma Hotel entertained as guests the Richmond Association of Insurance Agents recently. Ed Hill, president, was the toastmaster, and the speaker of the evening was none other than Royal W. Bosshard of San Francisco, a former college classmate of ye editor. "Boss" gave a splendid talk on insurance laws in various states.

RAINFALL REPORT

"Rain, rain, go away
Come again, some other day"

Such was the plaint of our citizens after the steady downpour which occured last Saturday night and all day Sunday. R. J. Lavery, Standard Oil meteorologist reports that rainfall this year is ahead of last year, but more than 3 inches below normal for this date.

Schramm Birthday Party

* * *

Mrs. Mattie Schramm was surprised at her home on West Richmond Avenue by a large group of friends who celebrated with her, her birthday. Those who enjoyed the festivities included: Mrs. Marie McNeil, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Mrs. Regia Smith, Mrs. Sarah Gray, Mrs. H. C. McDonough, Mr. and Ms. H. J. Smith, Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Mrs. Mary Nun, Mrs. Lelia Osborne, Mrs. Anna Pressler, Mrs. Mary B. Moyle, Blanche Gray, Frank Tiller, James Rasmussen, Henry Schramm, Charles Stockird and son, Robert, Mrs. Laura Rasmussen, William Muller and George Schramm.

Subscribe for the Progress, and tell the merchants you saw their ad here, if you want this paper to do better in fighting the Point Richmond battle.

OUTLAWS OF EDEN

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SYNOPSIS

At the close of the Mexican war, Robin Kershaw, with his bride, rode into northeastern California. Here he found an ideal valley for ranching and cattle raising. They christened it Eden Valley. Below Eden Valley is a less valuable tract which Kershaw's wife names Forlorn Valley.

CHAPTER II

—2—

THEY spent that first summer in tents, while Kershaw and his men felled trees, peeled the bark from the logs and dragged them out into the sunshine to season. They dug a well, got out fence posts, and enclosed horse pasture with a stake-and-rider fence; and when the logs had been seasoned by late fall, they built a spacious and comfortable log house with a wide veranda around it.

The following spring Kershaw brought in fifteen thousand head of cattle. They were scrubs—old Spanish-California stock; but they were the only cattle he could buy and, since his feed cost him nothing, he was content with them and the profit he knew he would make after growing them out. Deer, elk, and antelope were plentiful, so he never slaughtered a steer for meat. He prospered.

For the succeeding eight years he was not disturbed. Few nesters came into the valley and set up small herds, but there was plenty of grass for everybody. After 1862, when the homestead law was enacted by congress, men began to come in and file on homesteads. Robin Kershaw and his wife immediately filed homestead grazing claims on the two sections immediately surrounding their ranch headquarters; thus, to a considerable extent, availing themselves of the first riparian rights on Eden Valley creek.

With the proclamation of the war between the states fully half the settlers in Eden Valley volunteered for service in both armies. One of the first recruits to the Union army from California was Robin Kershaw, despite the fact that he was the father of six children.

He returned with a permanent limp in his left leg and the title of major, to find that his business had prospered. With the farms of the Middle West denuded of their cattle to a large extent by the war, beef prices were up, so Kershaw sold every head of stock he possessed and shipped them to Chicago and Kansas City via the newly built Central Pacific railroad. Then, with his checkbook, he commenced the elimination of his neighbors in Eden Valley.

By 1870 he owned in fee fifty thousand acres of Eden Valley—and then Joel Hensley, late of the Confederate army, came. Hensley had some capital and he, too, yearned for Eden Valley. He outbid Robin Kershaw for the lower half of the valley, and Kershaw let him have it, for after all, Eden Valley was large enough for two, and Kershaw knew he had the cream of it.

Almost before he realized it was impending he had a bitter quarrel with Joel Hensley. Like Kershaw, Hensley was a Texan—a fierce, belligerent man of the breed that was responsible for the most heroic and dramatic epitaph in history:

"The Thermopylae Had Its Messenger of Defeat—The Alamo Had None!"

Kershaw had fenced off his portion of the valley, and in common justice, he asked Joel Hensley to pay for half this fencing. Hensley, glancing sardonically over the fence at the luxuriant meadows of his neighbor, access to which this fence denied his cattle, replied coldly that he couldn't spare the money. Thereupon Kershaw patiently informed him that he would loan him the money, with cattle as security. Hensley replied that he preferred not to be in debt.

"Well, I see you intend to be unneighborly," Kershaw answered, "so we'll not argue the matter further. However, there is another matter that must be adjusted, whether you have the money or not. I am turning loose on the summer range this year five hundred pure-bred beef type bulls. Your herd bulls are scrubs, and your cattle and mine roam the public domain together. Hence you are bound to reap an equal benefit with me from the use of my expensive pure-bred sires. That wouldn't be fair."

"Can't help that," Hensley retorted. "I have no money to buy pure-bred range bulls and compete with you."

"I'll loan you the money, Hensley, and it will be money well invested. And you will not be doing your neighbor a gross injustice."

Greed and envy incite men to strange decisions. Joel Hensley retorted: "You're too patronizing."

"Very well." And Robin Kershaw rode away.

In May the Hensley and Kershaw riders drove the cattle of their respective employers up into the summer range in the mountains. But when the Hensley riders returned to the valley the Kershaw riders remained, scoured the range and shot every scrub bull they found wearing "Bar H," the Hensley brand. Also they maintained a patrol all summer and rather effectually succeeded in keeping the Hensley cattle on a sequestered portion of the range. The result was that the Bar H had a 10 per cent calf crop that year while the Circle K (the Kershaw outfit) had 80 per cent.

Joel Hensley was torn between a desire to kill Kershaw or permit him to live, in order that he might borrow from him sufficient money to purchase pure-bred beef-type bulls. Finally he decided on the latter course.

Robin Kershaw saw him coming, so he buckled on a six-shooter and went to meet him. "Well?" he demanded coldly.

"Guess I'll have to buy them pure-bred range bulls, neighbor." Joel Hensley forced a sheepish grin. "If you're still of a mind to let me have the money—"

"The situation has changed a mite since I made you that fair offer, Hensley." Kershaw's voice was very cold. "Your scrub bulls don't worry me now, so I'm not interested in helping you out. I wanted to be a good neighbor, but you wouldn't have it, so now we're enemies, and if you expect to drag yourself off the Circle K under your own power I reckon you'd better be startin' now."

Without a word Hensley wheeled his horse and departed. He had earned his humiliation and he realized it; yet the realization did not allay the fury that possessed him. Nor did he consider so seriously thereafter the advisability of killing Kershaw; he knew now that Kershaw was suspicious of him else why had the latter appeared with a pistol at his hip? Evidently Kershaw would kill eagerly enough if driven to it; that he would back up for no man Hensley felt assured.

So he nursed his hatred, borrowed money from a distant bank and bought pure-bred beef-type bulls. Indeed he had to, or get out of the cattle business.

But Robin Kershaw was not yet through with him. Followed three years of subnormal snowfall in the mountains; hence, when the spring freshet came, Eden Valley creek overflowed but a tithe of the territory that was flooded in years of normal snowfall. But Robin Kershaw had put in a concrete diversion dam at the upper end of his ranch, backed the water up and over the low banks and led it by irrigation ditches all over his meadows. He could have permitted the water from these ditches to run under the line fence between his ranch and Hensley's, thus insuring Hensley the customary hay crop and pasture. But Kershaw turned the water, when he was through with it, back into the channel of Eden Valley creek.

Of course there was nothing Hensley could do about this. Kershaw had the first use of the water and when he turned it back into the channel at the boundary line he was quite within the law.

Following the second year of subnormal snowfall in the mountains he suffered even greater losses. The third year he could stand it no longer. Again he called on Robin Kershaw.

"Kershaw," Hensley began, "you're ruining me."

"That's a lie. You've ruined yourself."

"I've got to have more water this year," Hensley shrilled. "When you're through with the water I want you to run it under the fence to my ditches. If you don't, by G—d, we'll argue this in the smoke. It's plain dirty of you to run it back into the creek again."

"Well, I suppose I could run it into your ditches," Kershaw mused.

"See that you do," Hensley reminded him, and rode off, little realizing that he had made an error of judgment. He thought he had bluffed Robin Kershaw.

When Kershaw was finished with his irrigation that summer, Hensley connected his lower irrigation ditches with Kershaw's and the water started running merrily down over the Hensley meadows. But almost immediately the flow ceased. Kershaw had opened the water gate on his diversion dam and turned the water back into the channel of the creek at the upper end of his ranch instead of the lower!

Hensley was now in a most unpleasant predicament. In the presence of witnesses (Robin II and two of the Kershaw cowboys) he had threatened, if denied the water, to argue the issue with Robin I in the smoke. "He'll make good," Robin Kershaw I decided. And he and his sons and his riders all rode armed with pistols and rifles.

Two weeks later, as he rode in alone from the nearest settlement, Joel Hensley rode out on Kershaw from a clump of pines. Neither man hesitated; it did not occur to either to ask questions; simultaneously they drew and fired.

Mark now the perversity of Fate. Had each killed the other the feud which, for the next forty years, was to make of Eden Valley a dark and bloody ground, would have ended then. But Joel Hensley's first cartridge had a defective primer—and Robin Kershaw's did not. Whereupon, a coroner's jury at Gold Run, the county seat, returned a verdict of justifiable homicide and restored Robin Kershaw to the bosom of his family. But Joel Hensley left a son—several sons in fact—and these inherited the casus belli.

CHAPTER III

—

DURING three generations eleven Kershaws and four hired gunmen died with their boots on and two went to state's prison for varying terms. Of the Hensleys thirteen were killed, with five gunmen.

Neither side ever complained to the authorities; as they often said they preferred the good old six-volume law! Only very inquisitive sheriffs invaded Eden Valley seeking redress for the outraged law; and of the half-dozen who did, two, who knew too much, never returned.

At that, the feud surely must have died of inanition at times when the count on each side was even, but for the perennial casus belli of water. Years o' lean snowfall in the mountains were years of lean profit for the Hensleys. Despite this disadvantage, the Hensleys prospered in the cattle business to the point where, in the year 1900, they were enabled to put in a diversion dam of their own in Eden Valley creek.

In 1917 there remained of the clan Kershaw its chief, Ranceford Kershaw, a widower of fifty, permanently crippled by reason of a soft-nosed bullet through his hip; his son, Owen, aged twenty, and daughter, Lorraine, aged sixteen. Of the clan Hensley there remained three women, Angie Tichenor, a widow, and Hattie and Beulah Hensley, both old maids.

It was assumed, locally, that in the fullness of time Nathan Tichenor and Owen Kershaw would shoot it out together; hence, with one or both of the young men out of the way there should be peace, at last, in Eden Valley.

But the World war intervened. Neither Owen Kershaw nor Nathan Tichenor waited to be drafted.

War with Germany, it will be remembered, was declared on April 6, 1917. In March a furious freshet had washed out the Hensley diversion dam in Eden Valley creek. On the morning of April 7 Nathan Tichenor rode up to the gate in the white paling fence before the old log ranch-house of the clan Kershaw, and, like his fire-eating grandfather, held up his hand, palm outward, in the old frontier sign of peace. From the veranda crippled Rance Kershaw glared down at him.

"Our diversion dam went out last month," said young Nate.

"Pleased to hear it, young man. Well?"

"I'm going down to San Francisco tomorrow to enlist—"

"That's to your credit, if I do say so." Old Rance appeared to thaw perceptibly. "Still, you're a mite slow doin' your duty. My boy, Owen, left this morning."

"I wish him luck, Mr. Kershaw. What I came for was to ask you if you'd consider favorably the suggestion that one war at a time is enough for our people to be engaged in. Our dam's out, and I ask you, as a favor, to let us have the water after it's done its work for you."

"Why should you ask me a favor? And why should I grant it, young man?"

"Because my mother and my aunts have got to run our outfit while I'm in the army. I didn't figure you'd make war on women."

"How about the old fence bill, young man?"

Young Nate laid a check on the gate post. "My grandfather should have paid that, Mr. Kershaw. It was right low and ornery of him not to. There's a check for it, with interest for forty years at 6 per cent added."

Rance Kershaw's not too stable heart leaped in triumph. "Keep your check," he ordered harshly, "and I'll keep my water."

Lorraine Kershaw came out of the house. Straight down the little graveled walk she came to the gate. She was a strikingly pretty girl; her hair was jet-black and shiny; her eyes large and dark and lustrous; her skin a pale ivory with a faint rose radiance seeping up through it.

"The Hensley apology is accepted," she cried in a clear ringing voice. "And you may keep your check. That fence was charged off to depreciation before you and I were born. Please give our compliments to your mother and your aunts and say that the Kershaws will be very pleased to see that hereafter the Bar H ranch gets all the water the Circle K can give it."

"They won't, either," old Rance shouted.

"Pay no attention to father," the girl admonished in a tone meant for young Tichenor's ears alone. "He can't help holding his ancient grudge. But the Bar H shall have the water. I give you my word of honor it shall. I'll keep the floodgates closed at our diversion dam and turn the water into your irrigation ditches when we're done with it, instead of diverting it back into Eden Valley creek. Run along now, Nate Tichenor, and may God bless you and protect you and bring you safe back to your mother in Eden Valley."

He stared at her. And then he blinked because the tears of emotion were in his boy's eyes. He held out his hand across the gate. "Good-by, Lorry Kershaw," he said with difficulty. "I thank you with all my heart. You're mighty sweet."

She accepted his hand, to the great scandal of her father; she stood at the gate and watched him jog away down the valley, sitting very straight in his carved and silver-mounted stock-saddle.

"Come, come, old settler," she said. "It's time to cease hurling maledictions and start praying. And I promised him the water."

He was silent at that. Then: "Well, I suppose it won't hurt us to let 'em have it." He must have thought then of his own gallant stripling son. "Just as well to take things easy now, Lorry. Even if they both come back they'll never shoot each other. If that Tichenor pup's a fair sample, the Hensley clan ain't run to seed in this generation."

Nate Tichenor's farewell sentence came back to her. She patted her father's cheek. "You're mighty sweet," she said.

* * * * * * * *

Nathan Tichenor had come back to Eden Valley. He arrived in a glittering limousine, driven by a liveried chauffeur, beside whom sat a dignified middle-aged individual any Forlorn Valleyite would have accepted as a banker or railroad president but who was in reality Nathan Tichenor's English valet.

Arrived in the grass-grown farmyard of the deserted Bar H headquarters, Tichenor alighted.

"Bring in the meats and groceries I purchased in Gold Run, Darby," he ordered of the chauffeur. "There should be firewood in the woodshed. Start a fire in that fireplace. Joseph (the valet), get busy and organize our housekeeping, while I take a run up the valley to call on a neighbor."

When Nate returned from his visit up the valley, Joseph had the house swept and aired, beds made, and a luncheon in preparation. Tichenor was prowling around the venerable home of his ancestors, reviving old memories, when upon his ears impigned the steady, insistent tooting of an automobile siren. "Somebody up on the valley road wants something," he decided.

Tichenor glanced out the window and saw an automobile with two persons in it halted on the main road just outside the entrance to the Bar H headquarters.

"They must want me," he decided. "Now, how do they know I'm here?" He pondered. "Ah, yes. Smoke is rising from my chimney. Kershaws, I wonder? Must be the Kershaws or they'd drive in."

He took a heavy pistol from his bag, fitted it into a shoulder holster, put on his coat to conceal the weapon, went to the garage, backed his car out, and whirled away up the ranch road to the gate, where he alighted and lifted his hat to Lorry Kershaw.

"I'm Lorraine Kershaw, Mr. Tichenor, and I am in trouble. My father has just died."

"Where?"

"Here, beside me—against my shoulder. He's so—heavy and limp—I can't handle him—can't manage to drive."

Nate Tichenor opened the gate, came around to the side of her car warily, for he suspected a trap, stepped up on the running board and looked into Ranceford Kershaw's face, over which a sickly pallor of death was already spreading. He reached for the old man's pulse.

"Yes, he's dead, Miss Kershaw," he announced. "What do you want to do? Take him back into Valley Center or home?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

P. G. & E. Rate Reductions

Rate reductions in two important classifications that will make possible substantial savings in the electric bills of farm and domestic consumers were announced today by P. M. Downing, vice president and general manager of Pacific Gas and Electric Company.

Territory which will benefit by the reductions inclues virtually all of northern California, covering the coast region served by Pacific Gas and Electric Company lines north of King City, and the interior valleys north of the Merced River.

Effective March 1 and continuing indefinitely a new low rate is established for domestic consumers who have installed both a standard electric range and an electric water heater of the automatic storage type. Upon application this special combination domestic service will be made available to single family residences and separately metered flats and apartments.

Sharpers Sell Attila's Grave

Gullible persons in Austria are lured to buy the legendary grave of Attila, who conquered Rome in the Fifth century, which is supposed to be filled with treasures. One recent "discoverer" of the grave sold it to a wealthy widow for $75,000.

Ostriches Scarce in South Africa

There are only a very few wild ostriches to be found in South Africa, and these are protected by law

DEMOCRATIC QUESTIONAIRE RETURNS

First returns from a composite tabulation of the returns on the questionaire which has been circuated at various Democratic Club meetings indicate that "Cappy" Rick of Martinez and Cliff Anglim of Richmond are the leading choices of Democratic clubs for Congress in this district. However, Ben B. Jones, of Oakland, who is now running third will doubtless pick up when returns from more Alameda County clubs are in. Others in favor are "Gus" Lang, Richmond; Frank Hollender, Pittsburgh; Nierhake and Reggiardo of Martinez.

In the governor's race, Sheridan Downey is ahead followed by Geo. Creel, Upton Sinclair, Milton K. Young, and Avery Moore. The returns show 4 to 1 opposed to running anybody against Senator Hiram Johnson, nominal Republican, because of the help he gave in the 1932 elections to the Democratic cause. 25 to 1 is the ratio which believes Democrats should take an active part in electing county officials, and questions which indicate thought on New Deal Program is even greater.

Whatever happens, it does look as if no offices will go begging for Democratic candidates this year.

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92 SCORE 1b 27c

COFFEE Last Chance 1 lb. can, 27c

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SUGAR Pure Cane Granulated 10 lbs. 45c

PORK AND BEANS, Campbell's ..... 1 lb. can 5c
MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING .... pint jar 17c
DOG AND CAT FOOD, Victory ..... 1 lb. can 5c
COFFEE, Chase and Sanborn's ..... 1 lb. can 27c
OYSTERS, Palace ..... 5 oz. can 10c
SHRIMPS, Dunbar ..... 5 oz. can 10c
BAKING POWDER, Clabber Girl, can 10c, 1 can Free
SNOWDRIFT, SHORTENING, 1 lb. can, 17c; 2 lb. 33c
TOMATO SOUP, Campbell's ..... 3 cans 19c
CREAM OF WHEAT ..... large pkg. 23c
LIPTON'S TEA, Yellow Label, ½ lb. 37c; ¼ lb. 19c
CRYSTAL WHITE SOAP ..... 7 bars 17c
SUGAR, Brown or Powdered .... 1 lb. pkg., 2 for 15c
I. G. A. SPINACH ..... No. 2½ can 10c
I. G. A. HOT SAUCE ..... 4 cans 15c
I. G. A. SOAP, GRAIN ..... large pkg 13c
I. G. A. HEALTH AND SKIN SOAP ..... 3 bars 14c
I. G. A. TOMATOES, solid pack, No. 2½ can, 2 for 25c
I. G. A. ASPARAGUS TIPS .... square can, 2 for 33c
I. G. A. PEACHES, Sliced or halves, #2½ can, 2 - 25c
LUX BRAND PINEAPPLE, Broken sliced, No. 2½ can, 2 for 29c
TRUPAK VENETIAN PLUMS ..... No. 2½ can 14c

I. G. A. GRAPE FRUIT ..... No. 2 can, 2 for23c
I. G. A. FRUIT SALAD .... No. 1 tall can, 2 for 25c
TRUPAK BERRIES, All kinds ..... No. 2 can 19c
TRUPAK SIEVED VEGETABLES ..... can 10c
I. G. A. CORN ..... No. 2 can, 2 for 23c
I. G. A. CUT STRING BEANS .. No. 2 can, 2 for 29c
I. G. A. KIDNEY BEANS ..... No. 2 can 10c
I. G. A. PEAS ..... No. 2 can, 2 for 29c
I. G. A. SAUER KRAUT ..... No. 2½ can, 2 for 27c
I. G. A. HOMINY ..... No. 2½ can 10c
GRAPE FRUIT, Large, juicy ..... 3 for 10c
ORANGES, Medium size, sweet, juicy ..... each 1c
APPLES, Pippin, fancy ..... 4 lbs. 19c
ARTICHOKES, Fresh, fancy ..... dozen 20c
GREEN PEAS, tender, full pods ..... 2 lbs.
VEGETABLES, All kinds ..... 3 bunches 5c

KELLOGG SPECIAL

1 pkg. KELLOGG CORN FLAKES
1 pkg. KELLOGG PEP
1 pkg. WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES
1 pkg WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS

ALL FOR 34c

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

A PAIR OF HANDY POCKETS

"YES, indeed," continued Nimbleheels, "I take the very greatest care of my tail. The way I feel about it is that I might just as well lose my life as my tail. I probably would anyway."

"Probably would what?" asked Peter, looking puzzled.

"Probably would lose my life, of course, if I should lose my tail," replied Nimbleheels. "You see, in times of danger I depend on jumping to escape, but without looking correctly there would be no use in

"Have You a Pocket?" Peter Demanded.

jumping. And as I have already told you, it is my long tail which keeps my balance in the air. But such a long tail is a great help," added Nimbleheels with a funny little sigh.

"I should say so!" exclaimed Peter Rabbit.

The eyes of Nimbleheels twinkled. "I should like to know what you know about it," said he.

Peter glanced at his own funny little bunch of a tail and laughed. "Nothing," said he. "My tail isn't the least bit of care. But I was thinking that if I had as long a tail for my size as you have for your size it certainly would be some tail and some care. I suspect that lots of times when I thought myself safe inside the dear Old Brier Patch my tail would be way outside. I really don't see how you keep track of so much tail."

"Oh," replied Nimbleheels, "that is easy enough. When I am not jumping or running about I keep it curled around in front of me. Then I know just where it is. By the way, Peter, do you mind if I go look for a pocketful of seeds? I am rather hungry."

"Look as much as you like, I think you will find plenty here in the Old Brier Patch, but before you go tell me what you mean by a pocketful," replied Peter.

"Just exactly what I said," retorted Nimbleheels. "If I can just get a pocketful of seeds I can bring them back here and we can talk while I eat them."

Peter blinked his eyes and stared at Nimbleheels in the rudest way. It certainly was most impolite.

"Have you a pocket?" Peter demanded.

"Certainly. Of course," replied Nimbleheels. "How in the world was I going to get a pocketful of seeds if I hadn't a pocket to put them in? As a matter of fact, I've got two pockets, and mighty handy pockets they are. I really can't imagine how anyone can get along without pockets. Next to my tail I think more of my pockets than of anything else I possess."

Peter was still staring as rudely as ever. "I don't see any," said he. "Where are they?"

"In my cheeks, of course. Where else would they be?" replied Nimbleheels. Peter didn't know where else they might be, so he said nothing. "They are so handy that I simply couldn't get along without them," continued Nimbleheels.

Peter sighed. "I wish I had a pair of handy pockets," said he.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Mother's Cook Book

SALAD DRESSINGS

A PALATABLE salad dressing is the making of a salad. The french dressing is one of the favorites as well as mayonnaise made with sweet fresh olive oil. However, for those who cannot obtain fresh olive oil, or find it too costly for the purse, there are others that are most tasty and easy of preparation.

French Dressing, Richelieu.

Mix three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of mustard, a dash of paprika, one-half teaspoonful of suga , one-half teaspoonful of onion juice, six tablespoonfuls of salad oil and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. To the dry ingredients add the salad oil, mix well, then add the onion juice and vinegar with a small piece of ice. Beat until thick.

For variations of french dressing, add a few tablespoonfuls of finely mashed roquefort cheese, beat well and serve on head lettuce.

For added flavors, a bit of chili sauce, worcestershire sauce, horseradish, chopped pickles, olives, peppers, green onion, pimiento, celery, parsley, choves garlic, all may be used in groups to add variety. To vary the mayonnaise, add chopped green and red pepper, catsup, chili sauce, capers.

For a Russian dressing: To half cupful of uncooked mayonnaise add one-half cupful of chili sauce, two tablespoonfuls of catsup, and one-fourth of a cupful of whipped cream.

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TO WED A PRINCE

Miss Masako Kuroda, daughter of Viscount Hiroshi Kuroda of Japan, who has been chosen to be the bride of Prince Abeba of Ethiopia. She is twenty-two years old and has had a modern education.

Portugal in the War

Germany declared war on Portugal March 9, 1916, following the seizure of German and Austrian ships in Portuguese ports, and other acts which Germany considered hostile. The Portuguese contribution to the war was chiefly in the assistance it gave in the conquest of German East Africa, adjacent to the Portuguese colony of Mozambique. Some 60,000 Portuguese troops, however, served in France.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Ceramics

Ceramics is a word derived from the Greek word meaning potter's clay.

Constipation Drove Her Wild made her feel cross, headachy, half-alive. Now she has a lovable disposition, new pep and vitality. Heed Nature's warning: *Sluggish* bowels invariably result in poisonous wastes ravaging your system—often the direct cause of headaches, dizziness, colds, complexion troubles. NATURE'S REMEDY—the mild, all-vegetable laxative—*safely* stimulates the *entire* eliminative tract—strengthens, regulates the bowels for normal, *natural* functioning. Get a 25c box today at your druggist's.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn. Only 10c.

WOMANLY WEAKNESS

Mrs. W. H. Benton of 1001 Olive St., San Bernardino, Calif., said: "I was not able to do any of my housework, I would become so exhausted I would have to lie down. My nerves were bad and I felt that I would never be well again. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and can truthfully recommend it to any woman who is in broken-down health."

New size, tablets 50 cts., liquid $1.00. Large size, tabs. or liquid, $1.35. "We Do Our Part."

POTPOURRI

Longest Aqueduct

The Los Angeles aqueduct, 235 miles in length, is the longest in the world. The seven-year construction job was finished in 1914. It diverts the entire flow of the Owens river. It is a gravity proposition with its intake at 3,800 feet above sea level and the city of Los Angeles is 275 feet.

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The Mayflower

As the Mayflower brought the first permanent settlers to New England, arriving at Plymouth in 1620, so also another ship, the Mayflower, brought the first permanent settlers to Ohio, a group of New England emigrants who arrived at the mouth of the Muskingum river in 1788.

Number of Human Beings

Human beings on earth number about 2,024,286,000 and the number increases by approximately 20,000,000 a year.

Whose Fault?

When Little Girls Show Temper

A quarrelsome child is a sick child, mothers! A bad bowel condition means bad behavior. And it doesn't help matters to give bilious boys and girls some powerful cathartic that upsets them for days. When you see a coated tongue, dull or yellowed eyes, or other signs of sluggishness, there's always a way to cleanse and sweeten that little system without violence; next day you have a happy, contented child. This common-sense treatment is explained on the right:

Good health and good behavior go hand in hand. With inner health, come smiling faces and sunny dispositions. And it's really *so* simple a matter to keep children's bowels regular. The only "medicine" most youngsters ever need to promote thorough bowel action is pure California Syrup of Figs. The senna in this fine, fruity laxative never weakens them, or takes away their appetite. But get real *California* Syrup of Figs; you can get it anywhere; it isn't expensive.

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The medicinal and emollient properties of Cuticura, which protect the skin and prevent skin irritations so common after shaving, are found only in **Cuticura Shaving Cream.** The medication of the Cream comprises fragrant, oriental, balsamic essential oils which soothe, cool and comfort tender, sensitive skins.

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Send stamp.
JUDGE LEHMAN - - Humboldt, Kan

"I keep fit

"...in these days of recovery...if I don't, someone else will have my job." How? "Well, I learned years ago that work...wear and tear...takes something out of men and women—particularly those who work indoors.

"I tore down those precious red-blood-cells faster than my good body could rebuild. A friend told me the story of that grand medicine S.S.S. Now at 4 P. M. I am fit to still 'carry on'."

If you feel weak...lack a keen appetite...or if your skin is pale...try S.S.S. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick up in your appetite...your color and skin should improve with increased strength and energy.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic but a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to enable you to "carry on" without exhaustion as you should naturally. At all drug stores.

FOR BETTER GARDENS

In fresh dated packets at your local store

FERRY'S PUREBRED VEGETABLE SEEDS 5c NOW

Fashions for Best Dressed Juniors

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

COME now, Miss Junior, it is quite time to decide as to whether it will be a new coat or a new suit for spring or both. Of course the ideal solution of the problem is a coat and a suit. There are times when a coat is absolutely indispensable, and smartly clad indeed is she who tops a dashing mid-season print frock with a advance spring coat which flaunts the latest touches.

As for a suit, with a good supply of tuned-to-time-and-place blouses (some strictly tailored, others as feminine and frivolous as frilly jabots and lacy details can make them) it is as recurrent a springtime theme as the "first robin." Speaking of blouses reminds us of a fad which is going the rounds. It is the blouse made of vivid bandanna kerchiefs.

The girlish suit of quality-kind grayish green flannel in the picture is one of those refined types which are making widespread appeal this season. Its outstanding claim to high fashion is the fact that it is a raglan type and utmost emphasis is being placed on these loose unbelted effects.

As to coats there is a lot being said and done in regard to furless types for spring. These gain distinction through artful fabric manipulation which achieves shapely lines through ingenious seamings and queer little turns and quirks of the cloth, which result in unusual necklines, likewise clever shoulder and sleeve silhouettes.

While the two coats illustrated give the impression of extreme simplicity, in the final analysis they are ever so revealing as to actual style trends. The thing to observe about the coat to the left is its clever collar and scarf combination. This is in keeping with the idea prevailing among designers that if a coat be furless there really ought to be some sort of scarf treatment in evidence. There is another message conveyed in this model, namely the vogue for trimming touches of velvet on the spring cloth coat.

In the coat pictured velvet goes fifty-fifty with cloth for the wide single scarf end. There are also velvet cordings at the waistline and on the sleeves. The notable thing about the other coat in the picture is that it carries rather a boyish air. It seems the younger clientele are having their coats fashioned somewhat after the lines of their brothers, and what's more, they are topping their boyish coats with felt hats which suggest masculine derby and fedora influence. The picture gives the idea. Note the self-fabric scarf. The sleeves are interesting in that they gain their shapely mid-arm fullness through a perfectly tailored seaming at the elbow.

In a general survey one is brought to realize that coats for girls in their teens divide into two distinct classes. On the one hand there are the very sporty models and in contrast there are the lady-like dressier types which are eminently refined and genteel looking. For the former, ravishing tweeds are cited in colors which gladden the heart in their youthful gaiety. When it comes to monotone tweeds there is a grayed green which is the hit of the season. Soldier blue, which is lighter than navy, is also proving a great favorite. And if you are wanting to look every inch voguish you will choose a plaid wool for your early spring coat. Plaids are all the rage for suits as well. So also are checks.

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Your local dealer carries Ferry's Pure Bred Vegetable Seeds. Now only 5 cents a package. Adv.

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Don't let them get a strangle hold. Fight germs quickly. Creomulsion combines 7 major helps in one. Powerful but harmless. Pleasant to take. No narcotics. Your own druggist is authorized to refund your money on the spot if your cough or cold is not relieved by Creomulsion. (adv.)

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Sample free. Write Resinol, Dept. 2S Baltimore, Md.

Beauty Talks

By Marjorie Duncan ©Bell Syndicate

ATTENTION TO DETAILS

WE could use lots and lots of superlatives to describe the higher standards that the majority of women seem to be living up to.

The new fashions, for one thing, are kind. There's enough variety, too, so that every type can be suited and no one need look ludicrous. American women—glory be—have learned to accept fashions and not for Fashion's sake alone. Because of that sensible attitude standardization has begun to suffer a setback and individuality is staging the greatest success of its career. I've seen older women reject the tip-tilted hats that were meant for "the sweet young ones." I've seen them ask for modified versions of the puffed sleeves and pinched-in waists. We've suddenly turned sensible and are achieving greater success as individuals and women of refinement thereby.

Another big factor in the new standard of smartness is attention to details. Perhaps the new fashions have much to do with it; perhaps preaching has had a hand in it, too.

Look around you and you'll glimpse evidence of "attention to details." You don't see as many shoes run down at the heels as you did yesterday—do you? Crooked seams on stockings simply are taboo. Carelessness, dowdiness, frowsiness, drabness—that quartette died long ago. The wise woman of today is groomed to a point of perfection from the crown of her head to the tip of her toe. If the shallow little hats reveal a bit of hair, you can count on our modern woman to show only the healthiest, glossiest, lusterful and perfectly coiffed locks. One sees more immaculate collar-cuff trimmings, less missing buttons, better fitting clothes, more becoming hats, more shapely figures, more clear and glowing complexions, more enhancing make-up, more groomed and gloved hands. Every detail of every phase of the beauty ensemble is getting its full share of attention. Attention to detail has always stamped the woman of refinement and distinction. There's more of feminine niceties today than ever, more of that cared-for, groomed and "finished" look. Just as when a painting getting its last finishing touches becomes a perfect picture.

Some humans feel that if a little is good, a lot must be better. It is like swallowing a double dose of medicine. If the label on a foundation or finishing cream directs you to "use sparingly" then be content to have the jar last longer.

WNU Service

Clothes for Spring Are Practical and Attractive

In general, spring clothes are conservative and wearable. The two-piece dress, for example, an ultra-practical frock, is back after an absence of several years.

There are no extravagant changes. Radical sleeves have gone. Everything has a normal shoulder line, or, in suits, a simple raglan shoulder. The silhouette is still slender, with curves, but the waistline is a little slimmer and more fitted than before. Lengths have not changed.

Have Toughest Hands

Rope makers in Palma, Spain, still twist the stout hempen strands into finished ropes by hand. Their hands are said to be the toughest in the world.

Greatest Known Fjord

An expedition to Greenland found the greatest known fjord, almost 200 miles north and 4,500 feet deep.

Ferry's Seeds are sold only in fresh dated packages. When you buy Ferry's Seeds you are sure of the finest quality available. Adv.

Negro Population

The negro population of the country is almost 10 per cent of the whole.

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

REMEMBER THIS CROSS

It Means the REAL ARTICLE

GENUINE ASPIRIN — BAYER — Of Bayer Manufacture

When you go to buy aspirin, just remember this: Every tablet of real aspirin of Bayer manufacture is stamped with this cross. No tablet without this cross is GENUINE Bayer Aspirin.

Remember this for your own protection. Tell your friends about it for their protection. Demand and get Genuine BayerAspirin.

Safe relief for headache, colds, sore throat, pains of rheumatism and neuritis, etc.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin Does Not Harm the Heart

MEMBER N. R. A.

HERE ARE THE USUAL SIGNS OF ACID STOMACH

Neuralgia — Feeling of Weakness
Headaches — Mouth Acidity
Nausea — Loss of Appetite
Indigestion — Sour Stomach
Nervousness — Sleeplessness
Auto-Intoxication

WHAT TO DO FOR IT:

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful 30 minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

OR—Take the new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets — *one tablet* for each teaspoonful as directed above.

If you have Acid Stomach, don't worry about it. Follow the simple directions given above. This small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts *at once* to neutralize the acids that cause headache, stomach pains and other distress. Try it. You'll feel like a new person.

But—be careful you get REAL milk of magnesia when you buy—genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. See that the name "PHILLIPS'" is on the label.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM

Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

MEMBER N.R.A.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia

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Let your business or holiday trip include a stay at this famous hotel—where San Francisco's theatre, commercial and shopping districts meet. The Palace Hotel is famous for comfort, courtesy and cuisine.

New low rates:

Single $3, $3.50, $4, $5, $6
Double . . . $4.50, $5, $6, $7, $8
Twin Beds $6, $7, $8, $10
Parlor Suites . . . . . $10 to $30

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HARRY R. BURT, PUBLISHER
50c for 3 Months
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now-you-don't-see-it" otherwise known as "heads-I-win, tails-you-lose." If the late Houdini had been present and witnessed the masterly juggling of Parr he would immediately have died twice more in rapid succession.

We also recall the recent adulation and praise and recommendations showered upon District Attorney Hoey and the Reverend Bish for their desecration of the yellow flag in No Man's Land. AND WE ARE REMINDED that these yellow dens of iniquity might very well be compared to the Barabas of Biblical times. After reading the marvelous report of our Harbor Messiah the other night we expect history to repeat itself, after 2,000 years, and for the people to rise in mass and say: "Crucify this Harbor Messiah and release to us the Chinese Barabas!"

OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem

(Continued from Front Page)

Mr. Hoover and his chosen senators, such as Mr. Reed, there would not be any farmers to pay taxes, nor any sons to shoulder our burdens when we lay them down. The only "farmers" left would be the Senators who have armed the farmer for these many years.

(Continued next week.)

JOHNSONITIS

(Continued from Front Page)

Woodrow Wilson to the Democratic Party. It looks as if the Republican Party is about to throw something over the back fence. Well, he will not come over alone. Better limber up, for the political backyard of Contra Costa County will be all cluttered up with Jacks, Bills, and Toms after the next election; and with them to make up the heat will be the pseudos in the Democratic Central Committee.

A. Woodrow Wilson, Democrat.

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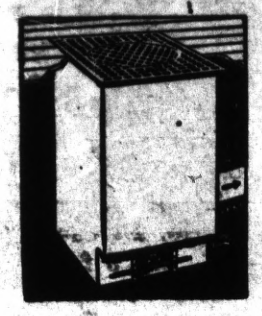
Naturally THE BETTER FUEL

CALIFORNIA climate presents a heating problem that demands easily controlled heat.

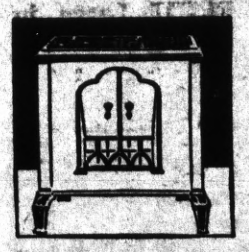
There are no long severe winters. Heat is needed for short periods and it must come quickly. To build up a big fire means wasted fuel. For quick-acting heat that warms floors and walls and circulates into every room corner, climate-wise Californians, rely on Natural Gas—naturally the better fuel.

Gas is piped directly to the furnace or heater and there is no bother to order or handle it. Natural Gas Heating equipment, too, was developed for California homes. Each of the newest types of equipment have known heat-output ratings ranging from the smaller space heaters to the full automatic warm-air furnaces. Investigate and see. Get the facts.



Circulating Heater

Attractive, low in first cost and highly efficient. It heats two to four rooms. Made in many sizes and styles. Extremely economical to operate.



Floor Furnace

Solves the heating problem for homes without a basement. Highly praised by thousands. Saves floor space and is easy and most economical to install and operate.

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ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode

WNU Service

Along the Concrete

THAT FUNNY FEELING

It was the eve of the party, and young Bobby was constantly thinking of joys to come.

"Oh, mum," he said, "I do feel so excited!"

"Excited, dear?" said his mother, realizing the cause. "What is excited?"

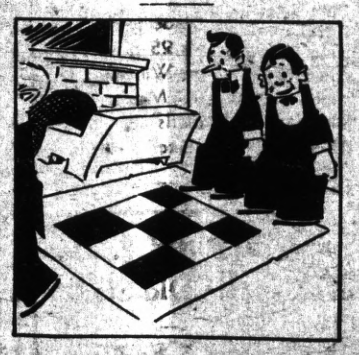
"Why," said the boy, "it's being in a hurry all over."—London Answers.

Job's Comforter

Young Man—Mr. Smith, your daughter has promised to be my wife.

Mr. Smith—It was your own fault—what else did you expect if you kept hanging round here every night?—Der Lustige Sachse.

AND HOW



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"Yes. A polite way of calling him bull-headed."

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CHOICE MEATS
153 West Richmond Ave. Phone Richmond 163

L. E. JOBST
Service Station
CUTTING BLVD AT TENTH STREET
100% STANDARD OIL, GAS, AND GREASE
Come Up And See Me Sometime

RICHMOND EMPORIUM
Corner First & Macdonald
SPECIAL SALE on Mahogany Dining Room Sets, Card Tables, Library Tables, Gas Ranges, Electric Ranges, and Typewriters.

If You Want Those Real Mexican Tamales With Good Beer, Stop At

TAMALE

SPANISH-AMERICAN GROCERY
(Louis Diaz)
201 Macdonald Avenue Phone Richmond 287

F. F. BREWEN
Good and Honest Workman
Carpentering, Jobbing, Repairing
Roofs Shingled, Saws Filed
Repairing and Remodeling
61 Park Place
55 Park Place
Established in Point Richmond 1898

CARL STENDER
General Insurance
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KARL'S SHOE STORES, Ltd.
820 Macdonald Ave.

RICHMOND FRENCH LAUNDRY
(L. Bernes)
Dry Wash, 8c Pound. Shirts of the Dry Wash, 12c
120 Standard Avenue Phone Richmond 345

FURRER'S
ENGRAVERS PRINTERS
STATIONERS
721 Macdonald Ave.
Phone Richmond 7

HIRAM E. JACOBS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
First Natl. Bank Bldg.
Phone Richmond 349

ROMA HOTEL
JOS. MATTEUCCI
123 Standard Ave. Phone Richmond 107
BANQUETS OUR SPECIALTY
Take Home Some of Our Home-Made Raviolas

Drink Your Health

THE acknowledged best Health Drink in America is Milk. American Creamery Milk is guaranteed as to purity, its unvarying deep cream line, its full quota of the blood building vitamin D and its delicious taste. Phone Rich. 362. No obligation.

American Creamery Co.
262 Fifth Street Phone Richmond 362

Strength : Safety
In Your Home-owned Bank
MECHANICS BANK
Main Office: Ninth and Macdonald Ave.
Branches in El Cerrito
San Pablo Avenue: at Potrero; and at Fairmount

Watch Your Step

There's a reason for the "Watch Your Step" signs which are to be seen so plentifully sprinkled about ferry boats, street cars and industrial plants.

A report of the Central Safety Committee of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company covering injuries suffered by employees during the year 1933 gives the answer. The reason is that more people are hurt by accidental falls than in any other way.

During the twelve months of last year, the company reports, 96 lost time injuries were sustained by employees. Lost time injuries are those serious enough to cause the loss of one or more days of working time. Of the total injuries, 28 or nearly one third, were caused by falls.

"Patronize Your Local Merchant"

A HOME OWNED STORE
NEIGHBORHOOD STORES
STATE WIDE BUYING POWER
OVER 1000 STORES

CHASSEUR GROCERY
128 Standard Ave.
Phone Rich. 131
Joe Chasseur Ben Farina
FREE DELIVERY

CHALLENGE BUTTER, solid lb.....

Watch Our Windows For Butter Prices

BARTLETT PEARS
....Park Brand, No. 2½ can, 15c

JELL-WELL
All Flavors ..... 3 pkgs., 14c

SYRUP, Wellman Flavor Famous, Finest Cane and Maple, pint 13c

ASPARAGUS
Silver Thistle, No. 2 can, 15c

JAM, Silver Thistle
2 lb. 6 oz. jars 27c

PINEAPPLE JUICE
No. 1 can 9c

MALT-O-MEAL
2 minutes ..... large pkg., 21c

SNOWFLAKE SODAS
Pound package 17c

DOG FOOD, Fearless
Regular size can 6c

SNOWDRIFT
1 lb. can 14c

CLAM CHOWDER, Campbells
Reg. size ..... 2 for 15c

DAIRY MAID MILK
Tall cans ..... 3 for 17c

WELLMAN COFFEE
"Flavor Famous" Contains Genuine Arabian Mocha, Lb. can, 29c
2 lb. can 51c

PILLSBURY'S FLOUR
Pancake and Waffle. Correctly balanced, self rising
Small pkg., 9c. Large pkg., 17c

WHO STOLE THE BEANS?

Tommie, our printer and chef extraordinaire, had put in two or three hours of intense application to bring the beans to the safe stage. And about 5:00 o'clock he found the beans GONE . . . We know it wasn't Tom Devaney or Joe Mateucci or Herb Pierce who were in the office at various times during the afternoon. No, suspicion pointed with deadly accuracy at the fast retreating forms of Gus Green and Lee Windrem. Both denied their guilt with such vehemence that it was almost a cinch they were guilty. And subsequently, Admiral Green brought in a banana and a pear to square himself—which was tantamount to a confession that he had picked off Tommie's beans. However, Tommie indignantly refused the banana and the editor refused the pear; because a suspicion still lingers in our minds that while Gus may have nibbled the cheese, it was Ed, the butcher, who copped the beans.

• • •

Who said that the "good old days" of fun and frolic, and joy and hope, and good nature of good people have departed from Point Richmond? After all, this place is the finest place in all the world to live—and you know it!

• • •

And while we are about it, the Progress investigating staff is analyzing every detective story of recent times in an effort to deduct and apprehend the culprit who pilfered the roaster full of meat from Mrs. Mary Moyle's back porch. Woe be unto HIM!!!

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Palmateer, our Point Pharmacist were called to Fresno last week-end by the illness of Mr. Palmateer's mother.

Mr. Palmateer has returned and reports she is considerably improved for which we are thankful

Power of Oil

Discovery that oil pepetrates metal instead of forming a clinging film on its surface, as formerly supposed, may improve lubrication methods. According to two experts, who reported this surprising fact, oil may be wiped from the surface of a bearing, and a new film will soon appear.

Six Letters Shy

A man who wanted Rudyard Kipling's autograph and who had heard that the famous author never put pen to paper for less than 50 cents a word, sent him $1. According to the story the two words he received were not what he had hoped for, being simply "Thank you."—Boston Transcript.

G. J. ALLYN
MEN'S WEAR
130 Washington Ave.
POINT RICHMOND

PALMATEER'S PHARMACY
134 Washington Ave,
Phone Richmond 127

Red Hot Specials!
OLD TIMOTHY GIN

Pint	1-5th	½ Gal.
68c	$1.22	$2.44

RELIABLE LIQUOR STORE
(Clarence Miller)
1015 Macdonald Ave.

Powerful Pressure Pump Housed in Whale's Nose

The nose of the whale, prized by whalers for its valuable spermaceti oil, is not used for smelling at all, but instead houses a powerful pressure pump and a combination air-conditioning, eleo-pressure plant that for sheer efficiency transcends anything on land, sea or in the air.

"The biggest thing about a whale is its nose," two scientists explained in a joint statement. "It is six times as big as the whale's braincase. For instance, if a whale has a head that is 12 feet long and 6 feet high, the nose in this hypothetical whale would be 10 feet long and 5 feet high. Probably one reason the whale's jaw juts out so far is because the nose needs the support of the upper jaw. Another peculiarity about the whale is that its nose, in pushing against its forehead, has changed the latter from straight or convex to one that is deeply concave."

The nose of the whale is composed of bones, fat, oil and connective tissues covered with a thick sheet of skin and blubber, through which runs two gigantic nasal passages. The right passage, according to the scientists, is so big that Jonah could have rested there very comfortably without bothering to make the long journey to the stomach. The two passages lead from a chamber immediately below the blowhole on top of the nose to a great body tunnel which, in turn, is connected with the windpipe.

Father of Photography Made Discovery in 1822

The name of Louis Daguerre is preserved in the word daguerretype, and that of Fox Talbot is known because he was the first to print from a negative and substitute paper sensitized with iodide of silver for the original silver plate. But the name of the man who actually obtained the first sun-picture and made it permanent, Joseph Nicephore Niepce, is known to few. Yet he was the pioneer of modern photography. He died a century ago, his great discovery was made in 1822.

His first photograph—though he called it a heliograph—was of his house and garden. He was fond of lithography, itself a novelty, and as his son, an artist, had been called up for military training, Niepce, who could not draw, sought a substitute for the pencil and found it in the sun.

He took his first sun-picture on a silver plate on which a solution of bitumen and oil of lavender had been spread. He "fixed" it with the vapors of iodine.

Today photography pierces the flesh and reveals the living skeleton; flashes across the world pictorial records of current events; assists the police; is essential to kine motography; whilst photo-micrography helps the bacteriologist to a knowledge of those microscopic organisms which cause cancer, tuberculosis, influenza, and other human scourges.

Kilt Society Issues Style Rules

Another problem of many years' standing has been settled in Glasgow, Scotland, and all loyal Scotsmen are breathing sighs of relief. The Kilt society of Scotland, harassed by letters and complaints from all parts of the world, has issued a treatise on how to wear the kilt. The rules stipulate that the kilt is to touch the center of the knee cap in front, and that the lower part of the belted plaid or of the shoulder plaid should not hang below the lower edge of the kilt. For ordinary dress the Highlander's jacket must be of tweed, and his kilt in the clan or family tartan. His stockings must be knitted hose, his shoes black brogues without buckles, and his sporan may be of hogskin, leather or fur, "without undue ornamentation." Rules for evening dress and costumes for social functions also are given.

CLEANATORIUM
CLEANERS and DYERS
QUALITY WORK & SERVICE
OUR MOTTO
WE CALL & DELIVER
NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART
318 Sixth Street Phone Richmond 460

A Point Pioneer Returns

The Progress was most agreeably surprised the other day to have Clarence Baker walk into the office, and hang up his coat and go to work. Not only because Clarence is a real printer, and has worked in and owned printing plants at other localities, but because twenty-five years ago, he, as a small boy, walked to the Point Richmond school—before Washington School was built—on the other side of the hill, and his experience is rich in memories of old times hereabouts. Mr. Baker, Sr., was one of the pioneer Point editors and for some time owned the Point Richmond Leader. Yes, we are glad to have Clarence with us, and only hope his brief stay with us can be somewhat prolonged.

Whiteside's Grocery
NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART
A UNITED GROCER
FREE DELIVERY
UNITED GROCERS
155 West Richmond Avenue Phone Richmond 985

THE "Safety-Sealed"
QUALITY COFFEE
1 lb. Can . . . 29c
3 lb. Can . . . 84c

Hormel's SOUPS
3 Cans
43c

POST TOASTIES	3 pkgs. 25c
WESTLAKE SALMON	2 cans for 25c
BRIARDALE RASPBERRIES	No. 2 can 20c
BRIARDALE STRING BEANS	No. 2 can 19c
FIG BARS, Fancy	2 lbs. 21c
MORNING MILK, Tall cans	3 cans for 17c
CALIFORNIA CHEESE	lb. 19c
BEANS, Small White, Pink or Mexican	3 lbs. 17c
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES	
POTATOES, U. S. No. 1's	10 lbs. 22c
LETTUCE, Arizona, solid heads	4c
BUNCH VEGETABLES	3 bunches 5c
GREEN PEAS, Pismo Brand	lb. 5c
APPLES, Pippins	4 lbs. 15c
ORANGES, 200 size	2 dozen 29c